



Betty (who has just heard the story of Gelert). "AND DID THE MAN REALLY KILL THE DOG, DADDY?"

Daddy. "YES. YOU SEE HE THOUGHT IT HAD KILLED HIS CHILD."

Betty. "WOULD YOU DO THE SAME IF DON KILLED BABY?"

Daddy. "CERTAINLY."

Betty (very thoughtfully). "POOR OLD DON!"

THE SOUL OF WIT.

Rolling Hall,
Leicestershire.

DEAR RICHARD.—I know you like to hear of a good joke now and then that you can sketch for your paper. Now this really happened. The old sexton at Little Pibley, old JOE GREEN, is a bit of a character, and his wife, who was the Thornby Lodge gardener's wife before she married GREEN, is rather a crotchety old body, and old JOE you must know is a bit too fond of his drop on a Saturday night, and the old lady being of the Thornby JENKINSON stock and of course a strict T.T., when her worthy spouse goes off to the Black Swan with his boon companions, or rather I should say when he comes home again, the domestic felicity of the GREEN household is wont to become somewhat ruffled; in fact, the old couple have words. Well, one Sunday morning after one of these rows the Vicar and old JOE ran across one another close by the

broken spout on the north side of the church—you know the spot—and said, "Well, JOE, you're looking very grave this morning. I hope there's nothing the matter at home," or "the matter with MARTHA," or something like that. So old JOE turned round, with one of those knowing winks of his, I expect, and said, "I wish she was in HER grave," and off he stumped to distribute the collection bags without another word!!! The Vicar told me this himself. I should put "A Fact" on the top if I were you. Everybody I have told it to has been immensely amused at it. Mind you get the broken spout in.

Believe me, your affec. uncle,

JAMES C. HEVYTHWAITE.

P.S.—We must have you down here when your picture of the joke comes out, so let me know what week it will be.

First Answer (burnt).

Chelsea.

DEAR UNCLE JAMES.—Thanks for kindly sending me the story about

JOE GREEN and the Vicar. I will try it on the Editor; but it is very difficult to tell exactly what they will like, so I hope you won't be disappointed if it doesn't appear. Very likely they may have another sexton joke on hand with a drawing already done; or for a number of reasons it might be inconvenient to put it in. If they should happen not to accept it, you might send it to GEORGE, and he could turn it into a short story for one of the magazines. I should like very much to go down to Rolling and see you all again. Would some time next month suit you?

Second Answer (sent).

MY DEAR UNCLE JAMES.—Many thanks for that capital joke of yours. I can just imagine old JOE's face. I shall be delighted to accept your kind invitation for the early part of next month, which is about the time the joke would appear. Love to everyone.

Your affectionate nephew,

DICK.

A CANDIDATE FOR AN OLD AGE PENSION.

As down a country lane I strode,
 With sweet and rural thoughts inspired,
 I saw a tramp beside the road
 Who looked a little tired.

Upon the ditch's marge he lay,
 And, as I read his visage clear,
 Something within me seemed to say,
 "This man is full of beer."

I progged him gently in the side:
 "What is your story? I would know."
 "I'm Weary WILLIE," he replied,
 Adding the words "What O!"

"A simple, homely name," said I;
 "Myself, when still a tender brat,
 Was so addressed for short. But why,
 Why 'Weary'? Tell me that."

"Is it excess of manual toil,
 Followed by mental strain, perhaps,
 With burning of the midnight oil,
 That causes this collapse?"

He answered with a pleasant smirk:
 "Don't go and fret yourself, ole pal;
 I never done a stroke o' work,
 Not me, nor never shall."

"You labour not," I said, "and yet
 Men call you 'Weary'? Pray suggest
 How you acquired this epithet
 Implying lack of rest."

"That 's right," he said; "I earn no wage;
 It 's just the hangin' round about
 Waitin' to touch a ripe old age
 That fairly wears me out."

"Five bob a week for bed and board
 If I can only keep alive
 To get the Government's reward
 For reaching sixty-five."

"Yus, Weary WILLIE 's got to wait
 Some thirty years, poor patient bloke,
 To pouch his pension. Tell yer, mate,
 Me 'eart is well-nigh broke!"

I ventured: "Do not deem me rude,
 But how do you expect, my son,
 To win your country's gratitude
 For duties left undone?"

"The Rads," he answered, "run the show;
 No questions asked about the past;
 It 's like a little Heaven below—
 There ain't no first nor last!"

"You hint," said I, "of halcyon days,
 And fields that flow with milk and rum;
 But how do they propose to raise
 The necessary sum?"

"Guv'nor!" said he, "we 'll get the stuff;
 There 's always fools as toil and spir;
 They 'll pay the taxes fast enough,
 And that 's where I come in!"

* * * * *

I left him prone beside the path,
 Weary with yearning, year by year,
 For Merit's glorious aftermath,
 Yet full of hope and beer.

O. S.

SWANS IN ADVANCE.

(An Exercise in the New Advertising.)

MR. LONG JANE begs to inform his patrons that he will open the Publishing Season by starting four new Authors from The Oddly Read, viz.:—

A NEW ARISTOPHANES	F. J. Gander	LOVE AND THE TINSMITH
A NEW CLASSIC	O. I. E.	MACKENZIE REDIVIVUS
A NEW SAINTE-BEUVE	R. A. Gosling	ROMANCE AND MODERNISM
A NEW SHAKSPEARE	L. Anser	GREEN THOUGHTS

MR. LONG JANE believes that these books are more than perfect, and will run through the season, or at least part of it. The following are the particulars:—

I. The New Aristophanes.

By this title the publisher confidently designates Mr. F. J. GANDER, the author of *Love and the Tinsmith*, a work full of the robustious essence of Twentieth-Century Humour. What the great satirist, wit and jester ARISTOPHANES did for the gay pleasure-lovers of ancient Rome, that will Mr. GANDER do for all those readers in our own day who, like the publisher, possess what has been called the fourth of the great cardinal virtues—Humour. Make a note of *Love and the Tinsmith*, to be published on January 29 by the new ARISTOPHANES.

II. The New Classic.

The publisher is conscious that it is unusual, except among publishers, to hail a new writer as a classic, but Sir THOMAS BROWNE, PATER, R. L. S., W. J. LOCKE, and Mr. MONEY-COUTTS were once new writers, and he claims for O. I. E. (those being the initials under which his latest discovery wishes to conceal his identity) that he has written a book worthy to be placed along with the writings of such authors, and worthy also to be placed with any writer of antiquity that can be named, not excepting the divine PLATO. *Mackenzie Redivivus* by O. I. E. (ready January 29, price 7s. 6d. net) may by some be voted precious. It is certainly intimate, like all the best books, yellow or otherwise. But discerning critics will see its masterly power and delicacy, and appreciate its new style, from which the publisher has already learnt much. It stands apart from all other books, not only because it is published at The Oddly Read, in itself a hall-mark of distinction, but also by reason of its truth, its soul-battlings, in a word its classicalness. Remember the author's initials, O. I. E.

III. The New Sainte-Beuve.

We come now to the amazing critical work of Mr. GOSLING, author of *Romance and Modernism*, that astounding collection of penetrating search-lights. What do you think Mr. GOSLING does? He takes a few conspicuous tendencies of the age—the scientific spirit, self-consciousness, democracy, realism, pessimism, effrontery, bombast, and so forth, with which all of us are acquainted—and shows how almost every new book may be regarded as a symptom of health or disease in the social organism. He does really. The publisher has called Mr. GOSLING the new SAINTE-BEUVE, but he might equally well have called him the new MATTHEW ARNOLD. By whatever name his wonderful book (to be published on January 29—the red letter day of the year—price 7s. 6d. net) is called it would smell as sweet.

IV. The New Shakspeare.

Some weeks ago the well-known Editor of a distinguished weekly declared he had discovered a new poet—a real genius. On his being asked if the poet's name was ANSER, his astonished reply was "Yes." "I thought so," was the retort; "I have just accepted a



PROFESSIONAL JEALOUSY.

ICARUS (watching the triumphant flight of Mr. Farman). "CONFOUND THE FELLOW! WISH I'D THOUGHT OF THAT!"



"COMING! COMING!"

First Lady (accidentally meeting second ditto at party). "WELL, MY DEAR, YOU NEVER CAME TO SEE ME!"
 Second Lady (with emphasis). "MY DEAR! I'M ALWAYS COMING!"

volume from him entitled *Green Thoughts*, and one of the most distinguished living writers wrote me a spontaneous letter drawing attention to Mr. ANSER as 'not only a poet, but a poet of very great and original powers. . . . I mean, this is really that *rara avis*, a man of genius.' . . . Could coincidence farther go? Other equally distinguished persons with the same spontaneity having said similar things, the publisher has no longer any hesitation in calling Mr. ANSER the new SHAKSPEARE. Note the date of the publication of Mr. ANSER's book, *Green Thoughts*—January 29. O that day! What a day for intellectual England! Price 5s. net.

If any one is in need of further particulars in advance Mr. LONG JANE will be happy to give them. His stock of superlatives is continually being replenished.

THE HOLLOW REED.

WHAT was it doing, my gold-nibbed Pen,
 Here in the Fleet by the river,
 Turning my tablecloth into a fen,
 Scattering ruin and casting blots,
 Till the cream-laid note was covered with spots,
 Like a man that is cursed with a liver?

Something had clogged my gold-nibbed Pen,
 In its secret chamber lurking;
 The blue-black liquid was deep in my den,
 And pages of lyrics were floating about.

And the blotting-paper had all run out,
 Ere I got the reservoir working.

I took it to pieces, my gold-nibbed Pen
 (How silly it looked in sections!);
 I twisted the top, like the neck of a hen,
 And scraped it clean with a hard bleak knife,
 And filled it over *The Sporting Life*
 And the "Saturday League Selections."

This is the way, I said, O Pen
 (And I laughed low down in my gizzard),
 And the chances are only a couple in ten
 To make your insolent humours stop;
 And, putting my mouth to the hole at the top,
 I blew like a prairie blizzard.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pen,
 Is a pipe with wads of cotton;
 And oh! how I wished you had been one then!
 For the poignant shock of the draught I drank,
 As I inadvertently sucked your shank,
 Is a thing I have never forgotten.

A downright beast was my gold-nibbed Pen;
 And although my aunt (the giver)
 Would probably murmur "Just like men,"
 And shed for the cost of the thing a tear,
 I have chucked it away by the Waterloo Pier,
 From the parapet into the river.

THE COMPLETE CONVERSATIONALIST.

"Do you reverse?" asked my partner.

"We will, if you're keen," I said; "but as a matter of fact I generally get a back-fire when I put in the reverse. If you like we'll throw out the clutch for a moment."

"That would be a good idea," she said; "and, when you put it back again you might put it back a little bit higher up, if you don't mind. And perhaps it would be as well if we got on to the second speed. . . . Thank you, that's much better."

We went round the room twice under the new conditions, and then steered into the garage.

"What about a little petrol?" I suggested.

"Oh, no thanks."

"No petrol. Well, let's find a cool place, and talk. It's so hot here."

We discovered an excellent draught and sat down in it, while I fanned myself—I mean my partner—vigorously.

"Shall we talk about the Druce case?" I said.

"Oh, please not."

"Right you are. Only I thought I ought to ask you. Ripping—I mean rotten weather, isn't it?"

"What?"

"The weather is rather rotten."

"Oh, I think it's rather nice."

"That was what I said first. Ripping weather. Which is your favourite waltz?"

"I'm not quite sure. Not that last one."

"Oh."

There was a short interval for meditation.

"Do you know many people here?" I tried again.

"No."

"I always think that when you only know a few people it's rather rotten—I mean ripping."

"Yes."

"There ought to be," I said, having thought the matter out very carefully, "some fun when Parliament meets again."

"I suppose so," said my partner.

I blew my nose for a moment.

"Have you tried," I asked anxiously, "this new Auction Bridge? They say it's better than the ordinary game."

"Oh?"

"Yes. So they say. Have you had any skating lately?"

"Oh yes."

"Yes. You'll let me know when I'm getting warm, won't you? The

Test matches are rather exciting, aren't they?"

"What did you say?"

"We're up to T now. Test matches. Are you interested in the Test matches?"

"I don't quite understand."

"I am trying to find your subject, and I don't think you're helping me much. Did I ask you if you had seen *The Merry Widow*?"

"I really don't know."

"Then we shall probably get to that under W. I say—do tell me—are we going to talk, or aren't we?"

My partner smiled for the first time.

"I rather thought you *had* been talking," she said.

"Yes, but you aren't helping at all. If I've got to talk by myself all the time I'd much sooner recite a small piece to you. Or if you've got a box of matches on you I can show you a trick."

My partner woke up suddenly.

"I'm very sorry I have been so dull," she said, "and I wish I had a box of matches on me; but if you only knew how tired a girl gets of being asked which is her favourite waltz, and what she thinks of the Druce case, you would forgive me."

"I am very sorry I have been so voluble," I said; "and I wish you had a box of matches on you, because it's a really good trick; but if you only knew how tired a man gets of being expected to ask a girl which is her favourite waltz, and what she thinks of the Druce case, you would pity me."

"Then all these awful questions were for my sake entirely?"

"Entirely. Particularly the one about Parliament. I never spoke to any of the others about that; it was a special line for you. You know, it was an awful shock to me when you refused to talk about the Druce case. I was in despair for the moment. Luckily I thought of the weather. We agreed it was ripping weather, didn't we?"

"As a matter of fact," said my partner, "I know somebody who has a cousin whose gardener has shares in the Druce Company, so I am really very much interested in it all. But, as I told my other fourteen partners, I have been to eleven dances since Christmas, and there are limits. May I have my fan back before you break it?"

"I'm afraid I mistook your character altogether," I said. "You know there are three ways of making conversation at a dance. You talk about the Druce case and your favourite waltz—that's one; or your

self—that's two; or anything that comes into your head—that's three. You wouldn't give me a lead so I had to have a dash. Unfortunately I hit upon the first."

"You'll have to try again, won't you?"

"I suppose I shall. Let's take the next method. Would it interest you to hear that I am a drysalter?"

"Is that a good thing to be?"

"I don't know. It sounds such a thirsty profession. And that I am a hundred and four, and was educated at Giggleswick and Gonville, and have seventeen brothers, and can catch it two hundred and thirty-eight times?"

"It is most frightfully exciting, certainly," said my partner, "only as I shall never see you again after this waltz—"

"Quite so. Then we pass on to the third method, and I say anything that comes into my head."

"Well?"

"Well, then—may I have the next dance?" A. A. M.

CHARIVARIA.

"THE KING," says *The Westminster Gazette*, "will give two large dinner-parties at Buckingham Palace shortly after the opening of Parliament. Only men will be invited." Surely this fear of demonstrations by Suffragettes is being carried to unnecessary lengths?

* *

It is again rumoured that the next budget will include a tax on cyclists, each of whom will have to take out a pedaller's licence.

* *

"I have never believed," says Mr. H. G. WELLS in *The New Age*, "that a Socialist Party could hope to form a Government in this country in my lifetime: I believe it less now than ever I did." One can almost understand a man being a Socialist in these circumstances.

* *

Mr. HENRY FARMAN has won the Deutsch-Archdeacon prize by a circular flight, in Paris, of 1630 English yards in an aeroplane. Mr. FARMAN is a countryman of ours, and it was a pretty and patriotic idea of his to fly English yards.

* *

We understand that the entrance fee for *The Times* Limericks will be three shillings, and not sixpence, so that wealthy persons and poets holding high office will be able to compete without loss of dignity.

"What is Fame?" is said to have been the despairing cry of Mr. THAW upon hearing a would-be juror declare that he had never heard of the THAW case before.

Lord DELAMERE, the big game hunter, has made the following statement to an interviewer:—"East Africa is a wonderful country, but please make it clear that I do not advise emigration. It is not a country for small people." The paper which publishes the interview then goes on to give us some idea of the size of Lord DELAMERE, telling us that he is farming 100,000 acres near Nairobi, "and holds 1,200 head of cattle and 15,000 sheep." This is, indeed, a wonderful arm-stretch.

We extract the following from *The Daily Mail*:—

"Mr. Plowden (to witness): Ah, I am afraid you are in advance of the age. We have not got sixpenny cab fares yet. They are on the way, but have not come yet. They are like some other things ladies would like to get, but they have not come yet. (A laugh.)"

Now what we want to know is this: Why only one laugh? What were the rest of the officials doing? Surely they were committing contempt of Court.

The War Office officials, against whom certain members of the public never tire of declaiming, would like it to be known that, according to a paper read before the Physiological Association of Berlin, there is a German Government official named ARNHEIM, who has been continuously asleep since June 10, 1904.

An advance notice of the Dress Exhibition, which is to be held shortly at Earls Court, states that "The lot of the lone widow is not to be forgotten, for attractive styles of mourning will be set off by pretty faces." Personally we think that this is a pity; it will tempt ladies who visit the show in the company of their husbands to cast ugly looks at these obstacles.

Two men have been fined at Atherstone for assaulting a football referee. This decision that the act was an illegal one has come as a nasty surprise to football spectators all over the country, and is considered an unwarrantable interference with an old-established sport.

A question answered:—

"How MUCH is ENOUGH?"

This correspondence must now cease."



THE HILLSIDE TEE.

Colonel Chutneigh. "SEEMS TO ME (POUR) THIS WHATEVERMAYCALLIT WHERE YOU DRIVE OFF IS THE ONLY DECENT THING THE COMMITTEE'S DONE ON THE WHOLE LINKS. DECEDED CONVENIENT FOR TEEING UP YOUR BALL. WHY THE DICKENS CAN'T THEY MAKE 'EM ALL LIKE IT?"

At the time of writing the Manchester cotton dispute is still unsettled, both sides refusing to give way. The masters are as stubborn as the spinning mules.

"Because of their respect for work," says the *Gaulois*, "Americans preserve their moral strength and their moral health." But surely there is no one with so great a respect for work as the British workman, who will frequently hesitate to touch it, so far does he carry the idea?

In consequence of the loss of prestige suffered by this country owing to the disastrous defeat in Australia it has, we hear, been decided to lay down an additional *Dreadnought* at once.

Though it is true that the General Meeting of a society is often the scene of much strong language and heated argument, yet it is possible to take too gloomy a view of what

may happen. He is a pessimist who announces, as did the Secretary of the Royal Ordnance Factories Friendly Society, that

"The Annual General Meeting will be hell on Saturday next."

Commercial Candour.

From a catalogue advertisement of Mycenæan Pottery, "contemporary with the Homeric Age":—

"These interesting relics from the distant dawn of history are probably fully three hundred years old."

Mr. CARY GILSON is reported in *The Birmingham Daily Post* as follows:—

"There was a story of a temporary master at Rugby, whose 'L's' the boys proposed to consider doubtful, and who, on calling on a boy named Hale, was astounded to see the entire class rise in their places and begin to construe at once."

If the letter had been H and the boy's name HALL, anybody could have seen the point. But all really brilliant stories avoid the obvious.

THE THIRD TEST MATCH.

(By Cablegram.)

Adelaide, Friday, 12.15 P.M.

The Englishmen have taken the field. With the exception of FANE, HUTCHINGS, CRAWFORD, HOBBS, GUNN, BARNES, HUMPHRIES, and FIELDER, they have all recovered from their recent exertions. The heat is tremendous. It will suit the Cornstalks, who should win.

5.20 P.M.

England undoubtedly holds the advantage. HILL is seriously indisposed. BRAUND, RHODES, and HARDSTAFF have slight touches of sunstroke. Will it get hotter? HILL is worse.

Saturday, 12.30 P.M.

The thermometer is already 104 in the shade. Will it go on rising? CLEM HILL is in bed. Three doctors are holding a consultation. Australia cannot escape defeat.

6 P.M.

The luncheon interval was prolonged while the players had their temperatures taken. A chart will be published. Twenty-two certificated masseurs have arrived. England is playing grimly. CLEM HILL's condition is serious. ROY HILL is fielding. England must win.

Monday, 5.30 P.M.

A great sensation has been caused to-day. McALISTER seemed profoundly satisfied when given out l.b.w. CLEM HILL is no better. ROY HILL fielded brilliantly this morning. The heat is terrible. Australia has no chance.

Tuesday, 2.30 P.M.

CLEM HILL is much worse. The doctors are giving up hope.

4 P.M.

CLEM HILL is batting magnificently. Frequent delays have been caused to-day by players retiring to be massaged. Owing to strike of masseurs the luncheon interval was again prolonged.

5 P.M.

HILL has been missed at mid-off. In his effort to catch the ball BARNES broke his flask of ammoniated quinine. The game was delayed while he changed. Much sympathy was felt for BARNES. The thermometer registers 109. A large crowd is watching it. Will it continue to rise? HILL's doctors have held three consultations in the last hour. The Englishmen cannot hope to win.

5.45 P.M.

A tent has been erected near the

wickets for the convenience of HILL's medical attendants. Much time is consequently saved. A large crack has appeared on the pitch.

9 P.M.

The pitch has been massaged and treated with cold-cream.

Wednesday, 2.30 P.M.

Consternation prevailed this morning. The umpires asked if they were paid by the match or by the day. FIELDER is in bed to-day. He hopes to make a hundred to-morrow. BARNES was also anxious to rest, but could not be excused. A collection is being made for CLEM HILL.

6 P.M.

The collection for CLEM HILL has amounted to thirty-three clinical thermometers, seven sponges, and a bottle of emulsion. Some unpleasantness has been caused by ROY HILL asking for a share. FANE's temperature is sub-normal. The game has made little progress lately. By how many runs will Australia win? ROY HILL did not bat.

Thursday, 1.30 P.M.

CLEM HILL has not fielded to-day. It is nice to see ROY HILL again. The thermometer is 115. The end came quite suddenly. FIELDER made one. This was very disappointing after his illness.

BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.

(NEW STYLE.)

THE *Turbine* has just celebrated the second anniversary of its first appearance in the crowded arena of journalism, and, as the result of despatching a number of telegrams to well-known people, is in the happy position of being able to publish many spontaneous messages from its well-wishers. These tributes to the extraordinary longevity of a paper which has unflinchingly striven to advocate Liberal principles in their most acute and uncompromising form are not unnaturally a source of profound satisfaction to the conductors of this journal.

Sir H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN:—

I consider *The Turbine* to be by far the best penny Liberal morning paper published in London.

Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN (Poet Laureate):—

I raise my glass, brimming with sparkling Vouvray,
To hail the genius of the Street of
Bouverie.

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL:—

Your paper is sorely needed in Central Africa. Why not start

special editions for the Pygmies and the Cannibals?

Miss CHRISTABEL PANKHURST:—

Male journalism does not appeal to me. But if I were a miserable man I suppose I should subscribe to *The Turbine*.

Mr. NAT GOULD:—

I have seen many two-year-olds, but none with an action quite like that of *The Turbine*.

The Hon. CHARLES PARSONS, F.R.S.:—

Best wishes. I hope you will be able to knock a few more knots out of the tangled skein of party politics.

Mr. CHARLES FROHMAN:—

Presents his congratulations.

Mlle. ADELINE GENÉE.

I am never *géné* when I read your sparkling criticisms.

Mr. H. BEERBOHM TREE:—

Heartly congratulations. But I wish you would change the title to *The Treebune*.

Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER:—

Heaven prosper your splendid efforts and those of your noble contributor, Mr. G. R. SIMS, to promote the cause of social reform.

Professor ELIE METSCHNIKOFF:—

I am greatly interested in an anniversary which proves that you have achieved longevity without senility.

ZBYSKO, the famous Galician athlete:—

You is a great paper. I wrestle with your leaders daily.

A Sincere Well-wisher writes:—

How time does fly! It seems only yesterday that your first number appeared. Well, well.

Subscriber from the very first number:—

May you live long and prosper! What I like about your sparkling columns is the dramatic gossip by the frolicsome W. A. Whatever other changes you may be contemplating, my daughters and I implore you to retain him.

Mr. FRANK RICHARDSON.

I like everything about you but your whiskers. One ought not to have whiskers at the age of two.

THOMAS ELWES:—

I cannot think of a better paper. Please quickly renew your six-months'-gratis offer.

BERTIE FLUTTER:—

Is it *Tribune* or *Turbine*? I wish you would kindly let me know, as there is a bet on it. Anyway, I wish you many happy returns of the day.

THE TORY SOCIALISTS. NO. 2.



HER GRACE, LORD ALGERNON, AND HIS SISTERS INVITE MR. "BERT" HAWKINS (OF BERMONDSEY) AND HIS FAMILY TO DINNER IN PARK LANE. THEY AFTERWARDS TAKE THEIR GUESTS TO THE HALL FOR A GAME OF HOP-SCOTCH, A KNOWLEDGE OF WHICH SPORT HAS BEEN SPECIALLY ACQUIRED BY THE DUCHESS FOR THE OCCASION.



THE "BERT" HAWKINSSES SUBSEQUENTLY RETURN THE INVITATION, AND ENTERTAIN THEIR VISITORS, AFTER A SUMPTUOUS HIGH TEA, TO A LITTLE MUSIC IN THE DORIN'-ROOM.



Sergeant (to very awkward squad). "OH, YOU BEAUTIES! I WONDER WHERE YOU'D BE IF I WAS TO SAY 'DOUBLE'!"

THE WINTER DAY.

THIS little space of misty winter day,
How like a flash it goes;
From its late rising to its early close,
How swift it passes and is rolled away;
Yet we can make it hold
All new delights and high enchantments old,
And children's voices, and their pretty sport,
The keener, being short;
The while
With winsome smile
And song and laugh, in mere excess of joy,
The noisy troop their little limbs employ;
And, though the sun, the pale and hazy sun,
Hangs low beyond the hill,
And the north wind blows chill,
They brook no rest as o'er the white-rimed lawn they run.

And now it comes,
The breakfast-time of birds,
The chosen moment for the scattered crumbs
And due enticing words.
And soon a feathered riot is afoot,
A dusky welter on the whitened lawn
Of little shapes that from the early dawn
Watched to be sure of this their daily loot:
Thrushes, and blackbirds, and a jostling crowd
Of bob-tailed purple starlings, and a cloud
Of sparrows, and that high aristocrat
In red and brown,

The comfortable, fat,
Round robin who looks down,
Hopping apart, on all this eager noise
And these too fevered crumb-devouring joys.
And next on the frozen marsh at ease
We glide on our gleaming skates,
While some of us cut our Q.'s and threes,
And some of us cut our eights;
And some of us scrape and others scratch,
While ever the surface rings
To the swift appeal
Of the sharp-edged steel,
And even a laggard can fairly match
The pace of a pair of wings.
And somebody tries to make a loop,
And doesn't he stagger and twist and stoop!
He throws up his arm, and then goes plump
On the broad of his back with an awful bump.
And still, while the skaters are gliding and toiling,
The little boys keep their pot a-boiling.

And now we're home to our heart's desire,
A jolly tea and a crackling fire,
And a round of stories to close the day
In a land that's peopled with elf and fay.
And it's always a chorus of "More, more, more,"
Till suddenly some one raps the door;
And then the very last word is said,
And they're up and away and off to bed. R. C. L.



PEACEFUL PERSUASION.

FIRST CONFEDERATE. "HERE COMES OUR MAN. GOT YOUR STICK READY?"

SECOND C. "DON'T YOU WORRY, I'LL KNOCK HIM OUT."

FIRST C. "GOOD! BUT REMEMBER ARTHUR'S ORDERS—NO OSTRACISM."

[It is reported that some ardent Tariff Reformers, calling themselves "The Confederates," have gone still further than the gentleman here depicted, and have sworn to prevent any Free Trade Unionist being even selected as a Candidate by the Conservative Association.]

Sidney S. Newman



"OWING TO A PREVIOUS ENGAGEMENT."

First Sportswoman (after jumping a stile). "COME ALONG. DO HAVE A TRY!"

Second S. "OH, IT'S ALL VERY WELL FOR YOU. BUT I'M GOING TO BE MARRIED NEXT WEEK!"

TETRAZZINI'S NEW TRIUMPH.

(BY MARCONIGRAPH.)

NEW YORK, true to its reputation as the capital of boss ideas, is going characteristically wild over TETRAZZINI.

There has been nothing like it since HARRY LAUDER, and interest in the THAW case is now practically non-existent. People talk TETRAZZINI from morning to night, and in their sleep.

The *queue* at the Manhattan Opera House begins at daybreak, and by breakfast time there are enough people to fill every seat three times. The cheapest seats are five dollars each; first lap seats are ten dollars, and second lap thirty. There is, however, likelihood that the sale of laps will be stopped by Mr. ANTHONY COMSTOCK, even if the inability of the original seat-holder to see anything does not bring the habit of sitting in laps into disrepute.

The rush for the high-priced seats is equally phenomenal. Failing to get them, strong men weep and strong

women shriek; weaker vessels become as mad as THAW's relatives.

A clerk who embezzled fifty dollars last week was acquitted when he pointed out that he wanted the money to buy a back seat for *Traviata*.

Mrs. STUYVESANT KIPPER has named her pet chow, for which she gave twenty thousand dollars, Tet, in honour of the *prima donna*.

A well-known fancy store on Broadway is doing enormous business with a lacquer article known as the Zini Tea-tray, which sells readily for ten dollars, although it is worth, perhaps, only as many cents.

TETRAZZINI teas, at which these trays are used, are now all the rage. The guests have to sing the highest note they can between each mouthful or sip.

The papers have nothing but praise for the great singer. *The World* heads its article "Better than the Best," while *The Tribune*, more staid but equally enthusiastic, begins its praises with the words, "Nightingales are now back numbers."

On Wall Street such is the rage for opera and the great singer that men converse and carry on their business solely in recitative.

Mr. CHAUNCEY DEPEW has given up making after-dinner speeches.

Mr. CORTELYOU, who began life as a professional musician, has resigned politics in order to study for the operatic stage.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON was in the stalls the other night with a view to appearing as *Otello* to TETRAZZINI's *Desdemona*.

THAW, denied the opportunity of hearing TETRAZZINI, has asked to be transferred from the Tombs prison to Sing-Sing.

WAGNER's *Tetralogy* is to be re-named the *Tetrazziniology* in the hope of inducing the *diva* to study the rôles of *Brünnhilde* and *Sieglinde*, which she has hitherto neglected.

Mr. UPTON SINCLAIR is writing a new novel called *The Larynx*, which he has dedicated to Madame TETRAZZINI.

President ROOSEVELT is taking singing lessons.

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE NINE-FIFTEEN.

At first I used to encourage that Guard's advances. I would offer him my last night's papers, and buy an occasional Minstrel Entertainment ticket; whilst he, in his turn, gave me much of the earlier history of Clapham Junction. He was the fore end of the nine-fifteen. I was a Second-class Season. So, in a way, I belonged to him.

In time he grew to assume a certain amount of authority. "Here you are, Sir," he would say each morning. And I knew that he had selected the compartment in which he wished me to travel. Sometimes I changed into another at the next station. But that annoyed him, so I gave it up.

Now, if I have a weakness, it is for an empty smoker. It is a silly fancy, I know—but there it is. But he liked me to have plenty of young society. If there happened to be a compartment containing nine school-girls anywhere in the train, he would find it for me. Failing this, he favoured a corner seat opposite the Ladies' Working Guild. You have probably never heard of the Guild. The L. W. G. was about twenty-seven, tall, brown hair. She always did crochet. Always the same pattern. I believe she was working a lawn cover.

Of course I ought to have put my foot down and insisted on an empty smoker—every Monday, let us say. But I kept on putting it off. "After my holidays," I said. Then, "after His holidays." While He was away at Yarmouth, quite frequently I travelled in a *third smoker*—a thing which He would never sanction.

The morning for the blow for freedom arrived. I deliberately chose an empty smoker. I heard the old familiar voice—"Here you are, Sir." My boot was on the footboard. Suddenly the train jerked. (He was not a man to stop at trifles.) The next I remember, we were passing through a tunnel, two miles down the line. I was lying on the seat of a non-smoker. The L. W. G. was bathing my head with eau-de-Cologne.

After that I am afraid my action was indefensible. The Ladies' Working Guild, and the tunnel, and the eau-de-Cologne. Three distinct warnings. A wise man would have caught the eight forty-five in future. Of course it *does* seem a shame to arrive in town half an hour earlier than you need. But then, there's heaps to see in London. I am convinced there are dozens of rooms in

the British Museum that I have never done properly.

As it was, I pitted my strength against His. "After all, He is only a guard." I repeated this sentence to myself all the way to the station. "After all, He is only a guard. He is only a guard. Only a g—" The nine-fifteen was late that morning. I treated Him to a frigid stare. I entered an empty compartment.

Empty? Comparatively empty, I should have said. Empty to all appearances from the outside. She had dropped a stitch or something of the kind, and was searching under the seat. I believe I helped her to find it. Anyway, I remember, quite a number of people thought the compartment was empty at Raynes Park.

It was after this that the Guard first revealed His art. You have no doubt seen a conjuror force a card. He holds out the pack and invites you to take *whichever you please*. He pushes the ace of clubs towards you. You parry. Ace of clubs retires. "Perhaps the gentleman would like one from the bottom of the pack. . . . Thank you."

The ace of clubs!

So each morning my Guard forced the L. W. G. compartment. As the train steamed in I would carefully notice position of ace of clubs. Fourth from guard's van. Guard would *apparently* recommend fifth. I dodged, meant to jump in sixth, grew flurried, got on the wrong side of fifth—ace of clubs again!

At the end of three months (perhaps it was only three weeks really) she used to open the door and wave her parasol *before the train stopped*. You can't miss a parasol.

Now, I put it to you, there was only one course open to me after this. I must miss the nine-fifteen every other day. "If I see her only three times a week," I told myself, "she will, in time, forget me." In years to come we should meet as mere old friends. "Do you remember those pleasant little chats we used to have?" I should say. "What! In the nine-fifteen. Shall I ever forget them?" "Ah, that reminds me . . . My wife—The Ladies' Worker—Miss SMYLES."

Have you ever tried to miss a train every other morning? You walk to the station at 75 miles an hour. Buy a paper and wait while the boy changes your sovereign. Count the change twice. Add halfpenny and ask for gold at the booking-office. Meet your sovereign again. Listen impatiently for train to leave. Ask after ticket-collector's rheumatism. Arrive

on platform. Nine-fifteen steams into station. The train you missed was an empty goods!

Later on I decided to miss *two* a week—that is, an average of two. If I caught five nine-fifteens one week I would only catch three the next. Through May this plan answered pretty well. I was frequently rewarded for my perseverance by some such greeting as: "I waved yesterday. Oh, you missed it. Naughty boy! And I had some wool to wind. Never mind. Hold out your hands."

Through June and July I am afraid I grew rather slack. For at the end of the latter month I had still one or two June trains to miss.

Then—one morning—in August—I asked her—to—our Tennis Fête.

I pitted my strength against HIS. And I have won. For I travel by the nine-fifteen now—in a *smoker*. The Guild (to which I am now a kind of Treasurer) is no longer a season-ticket-holder. A strange coldness has arisen between the Guard and me. I believe it was over the wedding. He was there, but right at the back of the church—in the free seats. Perhaps He thought He ought to have given me away.

THE FATAL FLU'.

With CLEMENT HILL robust and well Big scores the English innings swell; But early promise comes to nil, We've not a chance with CLEMENT ill.

If—?

"The only thing is, is it not a little premature if, as our gossip (quite unbeknown to himself in this public place) let slip, for our benefit it is true, that a certain very well-known, highly-popular, and distinguished owner of a seat in the Upper House, a man, too, who has held high office at Court, was really married only last week, and at a registry office, to the charming widow who has several handsome grown-up daughters, some of them married!"—*The Free Lance*.

As the same journal neatly puts it in another paragraph, "*Cela va s'en dire*."

Journalistic Candour.

"Unless our interpretation of public feeling is more than usually astray."—*Daily Telegraph*. (Cries of "No, no!" "Impossible!")

Billiards and How to Play it.

"The great thing with Diggle is that in getting just enough strength he never gets too little."—*Daily Mail*.

CLOTHES AND THE MAN.

A CORRESPONDENT whose initials are G. B. S. has sent me a long and interesting letter on clothes in general, and one remark of his is particularly worth quoting. He says, "I agree with a great many things that you say and a great many you do not." Of course it would be extraordinary if so great an authority on dress agreed with everything I said; but he goes on to say that he does not hold with me as to the extravagant prices charged by many West End tailors. Opinions may differ as to whether 19s. 11d. for a lounge suit is too high a price. A suit made of the very best superfine sackcloth suiting, with sandpaper lining, cut by a first-class firm, and made up with the best Seccotine, would not be too dear at 19s. 11d.; but it is a question whether you cannot get a suit that would look as well and wear as well for less money.

During the recent cold spell I was constantly being asked, What are the warmest kind of side whiskers? Personally I think the cheapest and most becoming are the "Electric Seal Reversible Druce Fringes," that are on view at Mr. FRANK RICHARDSON'S well-known Chevelure Emporium in Albemarle Street. They are to be had at all prices and in all colours, and anyone calling at any hour and asking for them will be warmly welcomed.

I wish to add something on the subject of masculine lingerie. It is quite a mistake to think the artificial shirt front, or "Little Richard," must necessarily be white. On the contrary, grey to black are the

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE LONDON PAGEANT.



4. FIRST CASE OF INFLUENZA IN LONDON. H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK DEVELOPS SYMPTOMS OF THIS COMPLAINT, AFTERWARDS TO BECOME SO FASHIONABLE, WHILE GIVING SITTINGS TO A SCULPTOR FOR HIS COLUMN IN WATERLOO PLACE.



5. IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE SEDAN-CHAIR. COMING DOWN CAMPDEN HILL TO A PARTY AT HOLLAND HOUSE.

prevailing tones, and the bonzoline variety with collars attached, if these optional addenda are desired by the wearer, are by far the most suitable, as they need not be entrusted to the tender mercies of the *blanchisseuse*, but can in extreme cases be simply brushed. Care must be taken, however, not to go too near to an open fire while wearing them, and it is advisable for smokers to remove them before lighting their cigars, cigarettes, or pipes, as the case may be.

The weather forecast in *The Sunday Times* for the South of England recently ran as follows:—

"E. winds, light or moderate inland, but refreshing on coast."

Mr. Punch begs to suggest other formulae for the Meteorological optimist:—

ENGLAND, S.W. — N. winds. Heavy rain, very good for the complexion.

ENGLAND, N. — Quite a jolly little waterspout on the coast; grand chance for a cinematograph.

SCOTLAND, E. — Excessively cold, fatal to microbes.

From *The Cork County Eagle's* report of the Dunmanway Petty Sessions:—

"Mr. O'Riordan—To use a Latin expression that's 'argumbentum ad absurdum.'"

Mr. Kennedy—It's 'argumentum ad hominem.'"

"Je ne pense pas," to use a Swedish catchphrase.

True Charity.

"Lord Ripon will give his dinner to the Liberal peers on January 28."

Westminster Gazette.

DRURY LANE AGAIN.

Mr. Punch, having done a grave injustice to the Drury Lane Management when he inaccurately asserted that the Harlequinade was to be dispensed with, commissioned me to pay penance on his behalf at the shrine of Pantomime. So I came to supplement my first-night visit; paid like a true penitent for a stall round the corner; and proved by my own eyes the error of Mr. Punch's allegation. The Harlequinade was distinguished by an extraordinary agility, which failed, however, to stir the audience very deeply. Perhaps we are all older than we used to be, children included, or it may be that the spectators had exhausted themselves before my arrival. Certainly there was little enthusiasm in a big house over the later scenes. But no one should miss the dry humour of Mr. NEIL KENYON, who is worth all the other actors put together. Robin Hood is a handsome figure, and sings a number that lacks nothing in loyalty; but the soprano voice of this gallant outlaw was too thin to carry the excellent sentiment of the words.

Even now, after two visits, I have not covered the whole ground of this mammoth performance; but there is time yet, for *The Bales in the Wood* are a brace of sturdy infants, and bid fair to see the winter out.

THE LIFE OF THE JUNIOR CLERK.

"THIS INDENTURE," writes the Junior Clerk.

It is a Wednesday. The afternoon is a drowsy if a bright one. The office (which for the most part has but just returned from a more than adequate lunch) is peaceful. There is a blessed absence of hustle and a welcome silence prevails over the electric bells. The speaking-tubes wear an air of innocence, and even the telephone is for the moment subdued. The drone of electric trams in the next street but one adds to the general feeling of con-

tinent. No one is working except the Engrossing Clerk, and he continues his methodical copying only because he feels restless if otherwise engaged.

The Junior Clerk, refreshed by his siesta, thinks that he must do something, and yet is unwilling to undertake too great a responsibility.

"THIS INDENTURE," he writes therefore, "was made the day of . . ." So far he feels he may go without committing himself. Though he has but a vague idea what an indenture may be, experience has taught him to rely implicitly on that preface. When every other word in his drafts has been scratched out, those words have a thousand times been allowed to remain. Even in the unlikely event of their being for once

tried to explain things, but shall never be so foolish as to try to explain this. It purports to be a means of connecting any room in a building with any other room or with the general exchange; it appears to be a mad complication of wires, plugs and bells; it is only one more device contrived for the demoralisation and ultimate destruction of telephone clerks. Now, the Junior Clerk, besides being the son of Northern parents, is also a Telephone Clerk.

The Junior Clerk hears the ring (and the telephone means that he shall), removes the receiver, arranges the plugs, and, with the view of eliciting important information from some person or persons unknown, asks, "Are you there?" There is no answer, so that the Junior Clerk,

whose legal training has taught him at once to spot a *supplicatio veri*, is pretty certain that there is someone there. "Are you there?" he whispers again and again. Finally, after a vast amount of sarcasm, sometimes humorous, more often vile, but always unavailing, he feels that he must do something active. There is only one handle to turn, and he turns it.

It is here that the Private Exchange comes



THE HEALTH FOOD RESTAURANT.

wrong, not he but the person who detects the mistake will have to find the right ones. That clinches the matter, and, adding the word "between," the Junior Clerk knows that he has earned a rest. His thoughts wander to his aged parents in the North. How thankful he is that he is not an orphan! Were he an orphan, his thoughts would not be able to wander to his aged parents in the North. He would in fact have to go on working, and if there is one thing that junior clerks hate it is work.

While he is still engaged in meditating on the possibilities (general and specific) of parents, the telephone recovers from its apathy and rings its bell. The instrument is complicated by an immoral invention known as the Private Exchange. During a disastrous career, I have often

into play, thinking no doubt that the telephone *per se* is not an adequate irritant. When junior clerks do give way to their passions they are not particular to a turn or two of the handle. When Private Exchanges do make practical jokes, they do their utmost to make their jokes thorough. . . . The Junior Clerk is still turning, when, purple in the face, the Senior Partner bursts into the room.

Whatever senior partners cannot do, they can, at any rate, talk . . .

The Junior Clerk is still young and susceptible. Moreover, as there are five holes and five possible plugs, it is morally certain that in making his second selection from the twenty-five possible combinations he will in his agitation hit on another wrong 'un. This time it is the Cashiers' Department, and cashiers are not without a less subtle but still effective elo-

quence. They are, however, much too busy a class to come down to the clerks' office; they expect the clerks to receive all communications (professional and personal) *per* telephone. In this instance that expectation is doomed to disappointment. The Junior Clerk hurriedly removes all the plugs, so that no one is now in communication with anyone else. The Cashier's affectionate messages are merely earthed. But on second thoughts the Junior Clerk determines that the Cashier is not too great (save in his own eyes) for the retort which has just suggested itself. The plugs are replaced, the bell rung, and voice given to the Junior Clerk's repulsive epithets. But the Private Exchange is one too many for him, and has now got him through to the Original Caller.

There are five important facts about this Original Caller:—(1) He is an important client. (2) He has been waiting all this time for an answer to his original call. (3) The telephone has just been ringing with some harshness in his ear. (4) He is a senior partner himself in another firm. (5) He is now in direct communication with the Junior Clerk.

These sordid negotiations have waked the office, and one half wants the telephone instantly, the other half wants the Junior Clerk at once. Neither half hesitates to make its wants known. The Senior Partner is still brooding over his wrongs, and he has come to the conclusion that he has left things unsaid which he ought to have said. He is therefore ringing his bell for the Junior Clerk. The Managing Clerk does not like to seem less busy than anybody else, and is blowing with all a managing clerk's impatience and sweet unreasonableness into the Junior Clerk's whistle. Clamoured for, threatened, but more especially abused, the Junior Clerk feels that little is needed to complete his woes. That little is at once supplied by the young lady at the General Exchange. "Are you there?" she interrupts. Yes, the Junior Clerk thinks he is there. "Don't go away," she snaps; and the harangue is continued amidst the increasing din of bells, whistles and human shrieks.

It is a Thursday afternoon. The office, having for the most part returned from a lunch even more adequate than yesterday's, is at peace. There is no suggestion of hustle; and bells, speaking-tubes and telephone are silent. The drone of the trams is more soothing than ever, so that even the Engrossing Clerk is



Vicar. "JOHN, DO YOU—ER—EVER USE STRONG LANGUAGE?"

John (guardedly). "WELL, SIR, I—I MAY BE A LITTLE BIT KEERLESS LIKE IN MY SPEECH AT TIMES."

Vicar. "AH, I'M SORRY, JOHN. BUT WE WILL CONVERSE ABOUT THAT SOME OTHER TIME. JUST NOW I WANT YOU TO GO TO THE PLUMBER'S AND SETTLE THIS BILL OF FOUR POUNDS TEN FOR THAWING OUT A WATER-PIPE. AND YOU MIGHT JUST TALK TO THE MAN IN A CAR-LESS SORT OF WAY, AS IF IT WERE YOUR OWN BILL!"

asleep. The Junior Clerk wakes gradually, and starts working leisurely. "THIS INDENTURE," he writes (it is the same indenture), "was made the . . . day of . . . between . . ." His thoughts wander to his maternal grandparents in the West. He is just thanking his stars that his mother was not an orphan, when the telephone bell rings . . .

The sporting expert of a Sunday paper is of the opinion that a certain jockey is "the smartest in the four hemispheres." It is a pity to overdo the thing like this.

The discoverer of a specific for asthma who is the plaintiff in an action for alleged libel against *The Lancet* was surely ill-served by his parents when they gave him the name of QUACKENBUSH in baptism. It seems a thousand pities that Mr. PLOWDEN should not have tried the case. It is a great chance lost.

"Though 'the honour' seems to be a detail of small value, experience in match play has proved over and over again that he who can hold by the advantage is bound in the end to wear down and to defeat even the most stubborn opponent."—*The Field*.

We believe this to be true.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

EDITH WHARTON could have made two books out of *The Fruit of the Tree* (MACMILLAN), or better still, perhaps, have left the bitterest part of the crop un-gathered: for there is a point where we almost refuse to accept the tragedy that depends upon coincidence, and feel inclined to cry out that fate could never have been so unfair as the author. Progress, as Mrs. WHARTON exhibits it to us, may work terrible havoc with the lives of individuals. We have *Amherst*, a mill foreman, young, attractive, and keenly interested in improving the economic condition of operatives. He marries *Bessie Westmore*, the mistress of the mills, and the carrying out of his reforms causes an estrangement between them. Afterwards his wife is thrown by her horse, and has to be kept alive in intense agony (a horror only made possible by the advance of medical science) in the hope of her husband's return, until at last her nurse, yielding to an impulse of mercy, administers an overdose of opiate. But that nurse is *Justine*, who had attracted *Amherst* before his marriage, and raised this very problem of euthanasia at the beginning of the book. Later, when these two are married, the secret is revealed, through a doctor who had loved *Justine*, gone to the bad, and now attempts to levy blackmail; and thus, though there is no suggestion of sinister motive in *Justine's* action, a situation almost Zolaesque arises. It is needless to say that the book is well-written. Mrs. WHARTON's name is a guarantee of sterling workmanship. But it is just, I think, because the characters are so likeable in their simple relations that one's sympathy becomes dulled by a crisis so improbable. Even allowing for the ruthless irony of the gods, it doesn't seem quite fair.

The Comments of Bagshot (CONSTABLE) are marked by the moderation of tone, the sound commonsense, the accurate knowledge, and the insight into problems of life that make the leading article in *The Westminster Gazette* a necessary study for all, irrespective of party politics, who are concerned with public affairs. Relieved from a sense of editorial gravity, Mr. SPENDER indulges in flashes of quiet humour that enliven every page of the book. As ADDISON evolved *Sir Roger de Coverley* out of his inner consciousness, making him a real personage outside the realms of fancy, so the Editor of *The Westminster* has created a gentleman with strong opinions, clear views, a turn for epigram, a touch of the pragmatical, and called him *Bagshot*. As a specimen of

this manner I quote at random (not because it is the best) his comment on the classes:—"The shallow rich talk much of the turbulence of the poor and their tendency to agitate. It is the patience of the poor which most strikes those who know them." This is, of course, not new; but it contains a great truth and is well said.

Prodigals are generally attractive people, and *The Prodigal Nephew* (DUCKWORTH) is no exception to the rule. Yet when Mr. *Alfred Munney* arose and returned to his uncle and aunt, *Nosey* and Mrs. *Harris*, who kept a little general shop in the village of Crampford, his reception was hot rather than warm, and he was at once kicked out into the street, without any mention of the subject of veal, partly because his relatives failed to recognise him, and partly because he had asked his aunt, who happened to be an ardent temperance reformer, for a drop of beer. Luckily for him, *Jim Bailey*, the be-

trothed of *Laura Barrow*, whose Christian name he was wont to rhyme with "E do adore her," stumbled upon him in the outer darkness, and hailed him as the *deus ex machina* of whom he stood sorely in need. For *Laura* had declined to name the day until he (*Jim*) should bring her *Farmer Holt's* old hoss as a wedding-gift. Now the old hoss was the apple of *Peter Holt's* eye, whereas his shrewish daughter, *Milly*, was the crumpled rose-leaf in his *ménage*. In order to secure the apple *Jim* had offered to take over the rose-leaf as well, and, when *Alfred*,

the Prodigal, appeared on the scene, was busily engaged in searching for someone whom he might induce to relieve him of the human half of his bargain. Further than this I do not think I ought to give away the plot of Mr. "JUDSON BOLT'S" amusing book, which is suitably illustrated by Mr. FRED BENNETT. I do not recall Mr. "BOLT'S" name as that of a humorous writer, but he certainly has a gift that way, otherwise he could not remind me, however faintly, of Mr. W. W. JACOBS and the famous SOMERVILLE-ROSS combination.

Cricket Notes.

"The failure of this tour to date has been the inability of our team to press home an opportunity, to take an advantage at the flood with both hands and hammer it home."—*The Globe*.

Still, as Mr. C. B. FRY says in another place, "We need not despair yet of losing the rubber."

"The object of the new Act is to prevent the employment of boys in hawking or selling newspapers, milk, or other things under 14 years of age."—*Barrow News*.

As, for instance, eggs.



Callous Scot. "HOOT AWAY!"